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## "TH0UGHTS REDEEMED ;"

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## LAYS 0F LEISURE HOURS.

BY MRS. MACKAY, AJTHOR OF " SABBATE MUSINGS," " THE WYOLIFFITES, "THE FAMILT OF HEATEERDALE," EIO.

EDINBURGH: WIL工IAMP.KENNEDY. LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND ĊO. DUBLIN : J. M'GI.ASHAN.

## PREFACE.

Encouraged by the kind reception given to some fugitive pieces which have, from time to time, appeared in my name, I now venture to give publicity to a collection of small Poems, the composition of which has occupied leisure hours, and cheered lonely ones.

I have placed at the begirining that entitled "Asleep in Jesus," as one which is already known to several readers ; it has afforded me no small degree of satisfaction to learn that these verses have been favoured by resting on the minds of weak and weary invalids, as they were enabled to cast their eyes towards the rest of heaven. This little poem has found its way into selections both in this country and
in America, and may therefore introduce into circulation its more retired companions, many of which have never before travelled beyond their humble niche in my own private repository.

Trusting that they may meet with a measure of consideration, and that some of them may be acceptable in the chambers of sickness and sorrow, I send them forth without further remark.

MARGARET MACKAY.

Midmills, Inverness, February, 18.54.

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## LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS.

## Slecping in esus.

This simple inscription is carred on a tomb-stone in the retired rural burying ground of Penntcross Chapel, in Deronsbire.

Distant only a few miles from a bustling and crowded seaport rown. reached through a succession of those lorely green lanes for mbich Dercnshire is so remarkable, the quiet aspest of Pennycross comes soothingly orer the mind. "Slebping is Jests" seems in keeping with all around.
Here was no elaberate ornament,-no unsightly deazy. The trim gravel walk led to the house of prayer, itself basting of no architectural embeliishment to distinguish it ; and a few trees were planted irregularly, to mark some faroured spots.

Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

Asleep in Jesus ! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost his venom'd sting !

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be :
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high !

Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place:"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
dest.

Rest! Rest! how sweet the sound! Who would not taste of rest, And long to lean, like blessed John On his Redeemer's breast? He cannot yet have learned to know 'Tis vain to look for rest below.

Each generation, man by man, Though all have failed before,

Hope they may reach some happy time When care shall be no more.

They drink at earth's polluted streams,
And lull themselves in shadowy dreams.

Why should we seek for rest,
Where rest can ne'er be found ?
Why twine the tendrils of the heart
Earth's fragile props around,
When disappointment's bitter tear
Marks their departure, year by year?

There is a love of rest
Within the human heart;
The busiest of the busy throng
On fortune's changeful mart
Hopes in retirement's sweet repose,
The evening of his days to close.

Fortune on him may smile,
The leisure hours arrive,-
Then, shall contending passions cease
Within his breast to strive?
His house, his trees, his parks are fair,
But peace unbroken dwells not there.
Vain is the hope, on earth
Unbroken peace to find-
No outward circumstance alone
Can soothe the deathless mind;
Unsatisfied, it turns away
From all that hastens to decay.
And yet how blindly cleave
Our souls unto the dust!
Often deceived, they turn again
Some broken reed to trust.
Though clouds have overspread the past,
Hope looks for sunshine to the last.

Rest,-sweet is nightly rest,
After a day of toil,
The privilege of hours apart
From earth's unquiet turmoil.
And to the spirit bruised and torn,
How doubly sweet the Sabbath morn!
Association's wondrous power
Breathes in this hallowed time-
The sounds of earth and ocean seem
To form one Sabbath chime ;
And the believer's soul, through grace,
Longs to see Jesus, face to face.

Even in this world of woe,
Our souls may taste of peace,
And anxious fears that vex the mind
May in a measure cease,
When feeling yields her wild control,
And faith reigns in the chastened soul.

$$
\text { gonab I. } 6 .
$$

"What meanest thou, O slumberer?
The storm is on the deep,
And through the shrouds in wild career
The winds of heaven sweep.
"What meanest thou, O slumberer?
The tempest rages high,
And o'er our heads the thunders roll, The lightning rends the sky.
"What meanest thou, hast thou no God, No sins to wipe away?

Dost thou require no pardoning? -
Awake! arise and pray.

## LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS.

"How canst thou sleep so peacefully Upon the boiling wave, When thou might'st call upon thy God The sinking bark to save?"

Thus spoke the seamen unto one Who bore a Prophet's name, And still in midst of Gospel light, Rests the reproach the same.

The heathen bows the knee in awe, And fasts, and prays, and weeps ; While he who bears a Christian name, In false delusion sleeps.

Oh ! shall it be that idols dumb
Are served through flood and fire, While they who hear of Jacob's God, His word nor ways desire?

What meanest thou, 0 slumberer, Regardless of thy fate?

Arise and pray, or thou may'st wake Too late-alas! too late.

> qedecm the cime.

Redeen the time!-the precious hours Are quickly passing on ;
Their track, alas! is deeply marked By duties left undone.
Time flies, and as we say-"How fast !"
The present mingles with the past.

Redeem the time !-the weary hours
Of hope deferred seem long ;

But ever, in the pilgrimage,
Yours be the pilgrim's song;
And cheered by so divine a lay,
Less dreary is the toilsome way.

Redeem the time !-the gladsome hours
Speed rapidly away;
Who can a moment's time command
Its swift career to stay?
And, unimproved, they leave no charm
That can one future grief disarm.

Redeem the time !-the hours may pass
In bitterness or joy,
But every lot its duties hath
Our talents to employ;
There is no halting in the race
That leads us to our resting-place.

## Pife's Voyage.

Swiftly on life's stormy ocean, Swiftly glides thy bark along;
O'er the quicksands, through the breakers, Shoals and sunken rocks among.

Seamen tell of fairy landscapes
Rising on their charméd sight, -
Hills and lakes, and groves and meadows, All with tropic verdure bright.

How they crowd their sails to hasten Onward to that fancied shore, Till the fair hallucination

Cheats their longing eyes no more!

Still upon the waste of waters
Floats their ship, no haven nigh ;
Nothing cheers their aching vision,
Nothing but the sea and sky.

So it is in life's short voyage,
Oft some gay delusive dream
Lures until its transient brightness
Fades before the morning beam.
"It is well;" for, ah! how surely
Should we rest in earthly things,
If no blight came o'er their beauty,
If they had no parting wings.

Well, how well it is when timely
On our ears a warning falls,
And we hearken in submission
To the rousing voice that calls.

Where's thy chart ?-Go, seek its guidance,
It will shew thee where thou art;
Far, it may be, from that harbour
Sought for by the meek in heart.

Yet, there is a helm to steer thee, Yet, there is a Pilot tried,
One who loves thee, longs to lead thee Where His little flock abide.
" 解o! 解 am brity you albay."

Matthew xaviii. 20.
'Tis wondrous, with this promise sweet
To help them on their way,
So often with unwary feet
The saints of God should stray ;
So often hesitate and fear,
And deem some mighty danger near.

There may be danger on the road
To fright the human eye;
But think,-the blessed Son of God
Hath promised to be nigh ;
Yea, to be with them to the end, Their guide, their counsellor, their friend.

Then think again, how great His power,
The sway of earth and heaven ;
And shall not, in the trying hour,
The promised strength be given?
Yes, He will ne'er forsake nor leave
The souls that to His promise cleave.
The path of duty may be dark, And storms be gathering round,
But Noah in the ancient ark
A certain refuge found,
Though viewless in the rolling flood
The loftiest of earth's mountains stood.
He had the type ; the antitype
More precious far is theirs;
He 's by, each bitter tear to wipe,
He 's by to hear their prayers,
And He will answer each request
As His unerring mind sees best.

When faith is weak, and foes are strong, And clouds obscure the way-
Think, in the van of Israel's throng, How moved the cloud by day;
And through the trackless wild at night, Still shone the mystic pillar bright !
?if is time to seek the 路oro.

IT is time to seek the Lord
In childhood's happy hours,
When the sunshine of the mind Sheds radiance on the flowers.

When the tender herb is green, And dew rests on the leaf;
It is time to seek the Lord, The Spring-time may be brief.

While the smooth untroubled brow
Is yet untouched by care,
And every cloud that hovers
Reflects a rainbow there.

It is time to seek the Lord;
The bloom may soon decay,
And the passing showers of hail Sweep all our buds away.

It is time to seek the Lord ;
Amid the storms of life
We need a hallowed refuge Apart from human strife.

The shades are gathering fast,
Old age comes on apace ;
But the failing heart gets strength Before the throne of grace.

# It is time to seek the Lord; <br> Fast, fast, the moments fly, <br> A warning voice is crying, <br> "The latter days draw nigh." 

It is time to seek the Lord ; Within His arms secure,
Well, pilgrim Christians of the cross May to the end endure.

## 䚡 $\mathfrak{M} \mathfrak{x} \mathfrak{M g}$.

It was a calm soft Sabbath hour,
The bee hummed in the honey-flower,
The birds were singing their anthems sweet, The blossoms were springing beneath my feet; And I thought of the glorified spirits above, Who were hymning the praise of the God of love.

Oh! was it not an hour to leave
The cares that to our bosoms cleave?
A moment to plume faith's quivering wing, And captive each wandering thought to bring, To lead them beyond yon glittering sky, To the dwelling-place of the blessed on high?

An hour to muse on Tabor's mount, To think on Kedar's cooling fount, And, in mental dreams, of the "dark blue sea" That heaves 'mid the mountains of Galilee, And its girdling shores, when the close of day Is lighting them up with its lingering ray.

And oll! to muse, how in mortal frame
The Lord of earth and heaven came ; He gazed on the clouds as we see them now, And the beanties that strew our path below, As, often retired from the world alone, He poured out prayers at His Father's throne.

It might be such a night as this,
The angels left their bowers of bliss, To tell the shepherds on Bethlehem's plains, In the melody sweet of heaven-taught strains, That a Saviour for men was born that day, And in lowliest guise in a manger lay.

## To ${ }^{9} m a g i n a t i o n$.

Wanderer over mauy a land,
Who can find a chain for thee?
Changeful as the shifting sand, As the mountain breezes free.

Now upon the ocean wave,
Riding in thy wild career ;
Now upon the soldier's grave,
Shedding o'er his fate a tear.

Thine are still the sweetest roses,
And the brightest dew-drop thine
That upon the flower reposes
At the summer eve's decline.

O'er the cities long forsaken,
Where the wrecks of ages lie,
Thou canst chords of feeling waken
By thy magic minstrelsy.

Stores of treasure thou dost find
Where no human eye can see,
Roaming with the midnight wind
O'er the heavenly canopy.

Yet I would control thee often,
All enchanting as thou art ;
Thou mayst help, perhaps, to soften,
Not to give another the heart.

That is not of thy creation,
Thou mayst even pierce the sky ;
But thy brightest emanation
Fades in faith's enlightened eye.

And if e'er redemption's story Move thy harp's responsive strings,
Think how seraphs bright in glory
Veil their faces with their wings.

## 

EXPLANATION.

Thes are not to be envied who have no taste for the simple annals of domestic life; no sympathies for the touching details that, all unostentatious and all unheeded by the world without, are ever recurring in the family circle. There they call up and engross the warmest feelings of the heart, and all whose minds can enter into the sweet charities of life reciprocate these feelings.
The subject of the verses which follow belongs to this class:-cold philosophy may stand unmoved at such a case, but christian sympathy will droi) a tear.
In the year 1837 a young oak tree, which grew near a window of a neat country residence, prematurely lost its leaves. Its owner was particularly struck by the circumstance, but, alas ! a more affecting decay was at hand.
There was an interesting group of children in the bouse, rearing up in the " nurture and admonition of the Lord." One of them, a little boy between three and four years old, was particularly remarkable for his bold and hardy character; he appeared to us, short-sighted beholiers, the most likely of the family to grow up to manhood. The vigorous young oak and the nolle boy were growing together, and a parent fondly drew a comparison between them. The dear boy was seized with acute illness, and survived only a few days. Erery little circumstance concerning him was treasured by the survivors; the
other children told, that rery shortly before his death, while they were one day playing together, he said, " I want to see the man that made all things;" an elder child replied, that he could not, for that God was in hearen, and could not be seen by them. "But," rejoined the boy, "I will see Him, for I'l get a ladder and I11 climb up!" How little they dreamed what the ladder was to be on which their little brother was so shortly to ascend to the Divine presence!

# 'Twas Autumn, and the Summer flowers 

No more their fragrance shed ;
'Twas Autumn, and its varied tints
Were o'er the landscape spread.

And bright and beautiful they were,
Though in their colours sear ;
And one by one the falling leaves
Spoke of departure near.

I looked upon my oaken tree,
It used to be the last
That gave its verdant garniture Unto the Winter's blast.

But while upon the neighbouring boughs
Some garlands yet were hung,
The winds already for my tree
A requiem had sung.

But then, within, a loving group
Would run my steps to meet,
And with a thousand winning ways
Their father's voice would greet.

The youngest who could join our band
When gathered round for prayer, Would clasp his little hands as though

He felt that God was there.

He said he wished to mount on high,
To see the Lord above; -
He is a little cherub now,
Rejoicing in His love.

He seemed to be my household oak,
My strongest thus laid low ;
There is no voice can rouse him now,
Till the last trumpet blow.

How suddenly a clouded sky
Came o'er his morning bright !
He faded like my young oak tree, Struck by an early blight.

Again the coming Spring will clothe
My little oaken tree,
A coming Spring-time, too, shall bloom,
My cherished one, for thee.

A Spring no Winter shall succeed,
A joy unmixed with pain,-
The sunshine of eternity,
When we shall meet again.

And "it is well," my noble boy, Thy spirit is at rest, Reposing with His little ones Upon thy Saviour's breast.

I sorrowed for thy sufferings, I wept when thou wert gone ;
But now I joy to think that thou Art safe before the throne.

新等 mm .

Он, to be weaned from earthly things !
To have my soul's delights above ;
Like Noah's dove, with folded wings
To rest within the ark of love.

Like her I've roamed, and fondly thought Earth could afford some resting-place ;

In vain shall such be ever sought, Apart from Jesus and His grace.

Some leaf of fair and beauteous form Amid the waste I may have found,

But nought to shelter from the storm That sin and wrath had gathered round.

Then would I bear my olive leaf,
A pledge of pardon, free, complete,
And from the floods of unbelief Seek refuge at my Saviour's feet.

There would I sit and learn the way That saints of every age have trod;

And catch the cadence of that lay, Which perfect spirits hymn to God.

The world would bind me in its snares,
Lord, set my struggling spirit free,
Then will I come with all my cares,
And cast myself and them on Thee.
"sing us one of the songs of 黄ion."

Psaly exxevii. 3.

Strike, strike the harp, the theme we sing
May well awake its chords, -
The conquests of a glorious King,
The King and Lord of lords:
Who in this sinful world of ours Spoiled principalities and powers.

We sing not of triumphal cars, Or victory's laurelled brow;

We sing not of unholy wars,
Where human passions glow,
Like the sirocco's poisoned breath,
Whose fruits are pestilence and death.

These have their trophies, -history's page
Bears record of their deeds,
Which still, through each succeeding age,
Hare filled the world with weeds ;
Not gifts like these the Conqueror gave,
Who burst the bonds that bound the grave.

We sing of Bethlehem's radiant star,
The manger's lowly bed,
Where wisdom's children from afar
Were so divinely led:
We sing His gracious ways with men,
His love surpassing human ken.

Of Him we sing whose brow was wreathed
With mockery's thorny crown,
While daring blasphemies were breathed,
To call His vengeance down ;
Who, undiscerned by human eyes,
Stood there, the world's own sacrifice.

We sing of Him whose quenchless love
No sufferings could destroy,
Nor from His holy purpose move
To buy the promised joy ;
The " travail of His soul" to see,
To set His ransomed myriads free.
We sing His agonizing cross,
His passion and His death :
All earthly things we count as dross,
While, with our fleeting breath,
We sing of Him we hope to meet,
And cast our crowns before His feet.

We sing that resurrection hour
Which o'er creation broke,-
The world which His inherent power
From shapeless chaos spoke ;
When He , the uncreated Word, Shone forth anew, Redemption's Lord!

> 笑etex's elease.
" And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison."

Acts xii. 6.

And Peter slept! yea, well might he,
As cradled on his mother's knee,
For from on high a seraph sped
To soothe him on his prison bed.

He slept ; and on his manly brow
There beamed a more than earthly glow,
For visions of celestial things
Mingled with his imaginings.

No wonder; for in that same night
There rose upon his 'raptur'd sight
A herald from the throne above,
To testify his Master's love.

Was it a dream?-the captive's chain
No longer could in ward detain;
Was it in sleeping ecstasy
He heard, "Arise and follow me !"

Ah, no! it was the angel's hand
That noiseless burst each iron band,
That set the wondering prisoner frec,
Commissioned by the Holy Three.

For prayer was made ; and He who hears
Is answerer of His people's prayers;
And to a weeping church once more
Saw fit His servant to restore.

Yea, Peter slept, prepared to die
With crowds of heathen scoffers by;
Or yet salvation to proclaim
To sinners in a Saviour's name.

Yes, Peter, both were thine to do,
To preach again, to suffer too;
'Twas thine to brave the scorner's frown,
And thine to wear a martyr's crown.

But softly sweet thy rest, though near
Were objects flesh is prone to fear;
And in array around thee then
Were bolts and bars, and armed men.

Thus sweetly may the saint repose, Though grief's dark waters o'er him close,
Prepared by courage from on high,
In Christ to live-in Christ to die.

> quapaprase.

## Hosea xiv.

Return, return, 0 chosen race !
And bow the penitential knee;
Take with you words, e'en words of peace,
Return, and freely plead with me.
For thou hast fallen, turned aside, Thy guilt is of a crimson die ;
But humble now thy crest of pride,
And low before my footstool lie.

Unto the Lord thy God return,
Beseech of Him forgiveness there ;
O'er thy backslidings deeply mourn,
And pour out all thy woes in prayer :
Say, "Naught hath Asshur's succour been,
In vain on fleetest horse we ride,
Crush'd by the foe our hosts are seen,
Our idols trampled by our side.
But oh ! receive us, yet again
Our songs of praise shall rise to Thee ;
Our confidence shall not be vain,
For to redeeming blood we flee."
"Yes, I will heal them," saith the Lord,
"And turn them from their crooked way ;
For I have promised in my word,
To hear when I have taught to pray.
"To Israel as the dew I'll be,
And widely shall his branches spread,

In beauty like the olive tree,
A shelter for the pilgrim's head :
Fair as the lily shall he grow,
And strike his roots like Lebanon;
Sweet odours from his bloom shall flow,
And precious fruit be found thereon.
I've heard repenting Ephraim say,
'What should I do with idols more ?'
I've seen him cast their shrines away,
And break what he had built before.
And I am like a green fir tree,
In me thy choicest fruit is found,
I'll succour, shield, and comfort thee,
And heal thy every bleeding wound."

Who hath an understanding heart,
Enlightened by a heavenly ray?
He who doth choose that better part,
Which earth can never take away.

Even he shall see that God is true, And wise, and just, and full of grace,
And straight the narrow path pursue
That leads him to the holy place.
But sinners shall not walk therein, Their feet shall stumble as they go,
Deceived, betrayed, destroyed by sin, They drink the bitter cup of woe.

> The Snofo-drop.

Pale floweret of the opening year
That waked my earliest strain,
Meek herald of sweet Flora's court,
How welcome once again!

Around thee is a dreary waste, O'er thee a wintry sky ;
But thou art a true messenger Of sunnier seasons nigh.

Already fancy paints thy train Of blossoms bright and fair, Shedding their perfume far and wide Upon the summer air.

With fresh delight dues childhood's eye
Rest on thy fragile form,
And youth with bounding heart still greets The nursling of the storm.

It is not for thine own dear sake
Alone, I welcome thee,
But for the many touching thoughts
Thou bringest back to me.-

Thoughts, not alas! the feelings now, For when youth's spring is o'er,

There is no skill that can again
Their altered tone restore.

Youth's soft emotions yield to time
As summer flowers depart,
And scenes once fraught with pleasure, then No kindred joys impart.

But though the "early bloom" must fade
"In feelings' dull decay,"
A purer joy, a clearer light
Beams on the Christian's way.

And, bud of beauty !-snow-drop fair !
'Mid elemental strife
And desolation's reign, thou art
A pledge of coming life.

## A SIGH.

The emblem of a better hope
Than earth can ever give,
An emblem of the rising just Who hear, believe, and live.

## g sigh.

SAY, who can analyze a sigh,
Or tell the source from whence it flows,
The brief expression it may be
Of heary but unuttered woes:
It better far than tongue can tell
The place where secret griefs may dwell.

A sigh 's a silent pledge of care,
A sign which saddened thoughts impart,
A token of some feeling deep
That rankles in a wounded heart.
A sigh, a sigh !-oh!it can speak
The language of the faded cheek.

A sigh may come where words may not, Where tears would but too much reveal ;
A sigh's a sort of mystic word,
May speak what we would fain conceal ;
A messenger that hearts can borrow
To tell a tale of smothered sorrow.

## 

Therr is something peculiarly touching in the music of the Gaelic Psalm when its melody ascends from thousands of human roices on the green slope of a mountain side. The words are given out line by line, by the precentor, whose recitatire melts into the tune as the people take it up en masse.

Ir was a sound of melody That floated on the air ;
It breathed of sweet and holy things,
It breathed of praise and prayer.

It was a full, soft, solemn sound, That seemed like some faint chime
On echo's wings borne fitfully
Down to the scenes of time.

A sound of other days it seemed, When persecuted men

Had met to seek the God they loved In some uncultured glen.

No carved nor gilded dome was theirs,
Heaven's canopy of blue
Was o'er them, and in symphony
Oft piped the wild curlew.

Yet rose that fervent hymn of praise Amid the mountains lone,

Accepted in a Saviour's name
Before the Father's throne.

Can human rites make holy ground
Where God shall choose to dwell?
And will He turn away His ear
From this sequestered dell?
"The altar sanctifies the gift;" Theirs was a risen Lord, The pure, the just, the crucified, Yet the Eternal Word.

The ancient temple's splendid fane Was but His type ; and lo!

He worshipped in a human frame, And suffered human woe.

The midnight breezes wafted up His prayers and sighs on high ;
His temple was the mountain side Beneath the star-lit sky.
'Tis sweet to hear that anthem peal Melodiously and slow,
While musings of celestial things Within the bosom glow.

## cct $\mathbb{C}$ fiought.

I thought upon the heavenly hosts and glories of the sky;
I thought upon the courts of God, and saints that are on high ;
I thought on spirits of the just, and fancy led me on To view them prostrate bow themselves before Jehovah's throne.

Ten thousand, thousand tongues are there to bless Thy name, 0 Lord!

To praise Thee for redeeming love, and for thy Holy Word :
Ten thousand, thousand angel harps their sweetest accents raise,
To sing of Jesus' glorious death, to celebrate His praise.

But fancy failed me when I thought, if angels bless His name,

What they must feel whom He hath saved from darkness, grief, and shame,
Who dwell in brightest rays of light in Christ's abode above,
Whose hearts are purified to feel no fire but holy love ;

Who have been borne on flying clouds to mansions of the blest,
From care and every anxious thought eternally to rest ; Who wear, instead of sorrow's garb, a golden crown of bliss, The brighter in the world above, for pain endured in this.

But what is this my fancy sees, though dimly in the shade?
'Tis a dying Christian with his trust on Jesus' merits laid:
And if he shed a tear before the vital spark be flown,
'Tis earthly weakness struggling with what faith hath made his own.

One angel, smiling, holds a wreath of everlasting flowers, That grew where winter is not felt, nor storms, nor chilling showers ;
One watches o'er his parting breath, and one away has sped, To sing "the struggle now is o'er, the Spirit up hath fled."

Now, now, they bear him, chiming sweet, " O death, where is thy sting?
0 grave, where is thy victory? -a soul is on the wing." Around him shine the armies bright of Heaven's blessed abode,
They bear him safely to his great Redeemer and his Gor.

## 数eflection.

'Tis strange how many thousand ways
Man hath devised to waste his days;
And yet when on his fading sight
Dim and uncertain shines the light,
And objects less distinct appear,
And death he feels is drawing near,
The darkening shadow o'er him cast
And come his closing hour at last,
How fain to life he yet would cling,
And fly the grasp of terrors' king!
Worlds, were they his, he'd freely give,
One of his wasted days to live :

But were they his, they could not buy
Beyond his hour a single sigh.
And, ah! what sorrows wring his heart
From all his earthly joys to part,
While unprepared, indeed, is he
To enter on eternity.
O for a guide to lead him through
His passage from the world below !
O for one hope whereon to rest
That he might dwell among the blest !
Alas! what hope has he, whose life
Was ever marked by bitter strife
Against each holy law of God,
And those the narrow way who trod;
Nor of his errors yet would think,
But that he stands on death's dark brink?
He cannot in his journey speed
Who leaneth on a broken reed.

He who would see his Saviour's face, Must meekly, humbly, seek His grace.
Oh! for the Holy Spirit plead,
That He to Christ thy soul may lead,
For his immeasurable power
Can save at the eleventh hour.
But it is madness to delay
Repentance for a single day;
The Spirit, often grieved by thee,
At last may thy entreaties flee.
But while the banner of His love
Waves o'er thee from the throne above,
Haste from the all-devouring flood,
Seek pardon through redeeming blood;
For whosoever will, may come,-
The wanderer shall be welcomed home.

## at aragment.

Written at Sea.

O faithless soul, art thou afraid
To trust thy Heavenly Father's aid?
Or that His changeless, boundless power
Shall fail thee in the evil hour?
Or that He will regardless hear
A penitent's remorseful prayer?

When thou art sailing o'er the deep, And howling winds around thee sweep, And darkness reigns, and mute despair

Is holding sullen council there,
Then, even then, a heavenly ray
Can drive despondency away.

Some words of precious scripture truth,
Learned, haply, in the days of youth,
Forgotten 'mid succeeding cares,
Or through the world's beguiling snares.
May in the raging tempest's hour
Come back with warning voice once more,-

Reminding thee of $\sin$ and death, The justice of thy Maker's wrath On thee-transgressor against light, Convicted-self-condemned this night ;
But after rousing, calm thy fears,
By pleading thy Redeemer's tears.

## 新以

OH ! is it not a glorious thing
To know that blessed angels sing,
Rejoicing in their bright abode
Over one sinner turned to God?

Then come, O man, and bow the knee,
This great salvation is for thee;
Methinks what angels triumph o'er
Should move thee with constraining power.

Redeemed saints, a countless throng, Join in the sweet harmonious song ;-Where had these myriads been now,

Had not a Saviour bled below?

Hark! how they touch their harps anew, To sing His praise whom sinners slew, And Hallelujahs loudly swell,
The wondrous tale of love to tell.


Rev. xxii. 1-5.

He placed before my wondering eyes
A stream of life, which took its rise Out of the blessed throne of God, And through the holy city flowed.

As clear as crystal ran that stream,
Nor needed it the sun's bright beam
To gild its waves,-for glory shone
In matchless light its waters on.

On either side of this pure river
Flourished the tree that fadeth never,
It beareth fruit through all the year,
Its leaves for healing nations are.

No condemnation e'er can come
Into this holy, peaceful home;
For there the Lamb His throne hath set,
And there all tribes shall praise Him yet.

His glorious face they there shall see,
And upon theirs His name shall be :
They shall require no taper light,
For never shall return the night.

No more the sun shall shine, for time
No name hath in that blissful clime ;
The Lord their God their sun shall be,
And they shall reign eternally.
A SABBATH SONG.

## g subbaty somg.

Now another Sabbath day
Sheds abroad its blissful ray ;
Earth and earthliness depart,
Better things demand my heart.

Sordid thoughts and wishes flee ;
World-there is no room for thee;
Closely were thy captives bound,
But a hostage hath been found.

Now the Sabbath morning beams,
Let us hasten to the streams
Gliding from the fount of bliss,
Even in a world like this.

Forms shall not avail, if sin
Be not growing less within ;
Privileges misapplied,
Swell transgression's mighty tide.

But the tree of life is growing,
And the stream of life is flowing;
Let us sit beneath the shade,
For our ransom hath been paid.

Sabbath day! a day of rest,
Day above all others blest
From each lower care set free
Joys the Christian soul in thee.
©he Cfristian's fifope.

How sure a hope the Christian's is, When peace and joy may yet be his, Though earthly friends and fortunes frown, And sorrows seem to sink him down ; But 'tis not so, for he may say,
"Man cannot take my peace away."
What though affliction's bitter cup
Be his?-he meekly drinks it up,
Remembering who it was that said, When on His head our sins were laid, Struggling in agony, alone,-
"Father, Thy will, not mine, be done."

Securely floats the Christian's bark,
Though winds be loud and clouds be dark ;
He hears the howling tempest's sound,
But heeds it not, for he hath found
An anchor to his soul so sure,
It holds him 'midst the storm secure.
What treasures hath the world to give
That thousands in her bondage live ?
She cannot heal the broken heart,
Nor life to dying man impart ;
She cannot save her readiest slave
One moment from the yawning grave,
Nor can she help him in the hour
When all her charms must lose their power ;
She leaves him coldly to his fate,
To see his folly all too late ;
Then spreads her glittering baits again,
And twice ten thousand more are slain.

But know-the Christian hath a light
To guide his steps and cheer his sight ;
Beyond the grave this torch can shine,
For oh ! it is a ray divine :
Nor woe, nor death, can quench the flame
That beams from the Redeemer's name.

$$
\mathfrak{C} \mathfrak{C u s t} .
$$

Written in 1832, the Year when Asiatic Cholera first visited Britain.
Why should my muse in silence sleep,
As though her harp were all unstrung,
And those who smile and those who weep,
For me might joy and grieve unsung?
'Tis true that on this guilty world The clouds of woe are gathering fast, And many a threatening bolt is hurled, To warn us of a coming blast.

## LAYS OF LEISURE HOURS.

Yea, even upon us now the shower Of plague and sudden death has come, And thousands fear each coming hour May fix their everlasting doom.

And lightsome hearts have lost their spring, And, lo! the step that gaily trod
Hath paused, to list the notes that ring,
"Mortal, prepare to meet thy God!"

But why should I be mute though woe
Is pictured on earth's outward form,
While heaven's unfading sunbeams glow,
Unclouded by the darkest storm?

Though round about death's arrows speed, And terror reigns, and sorrow weeps,

Safe by the stream the flock may feed,
For watch the Heavenly Shepherd keeps.

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\end{aligned}
$$

－Hope of Israel ！＂一why a stranger Shouldst Thou midst Thy people be？

Where，oh ！where，in times of danger， Should they turn but unto Thee？

Saviour，in the hour of trouble
Pass not from our courts away ；
Justly might Thy wrath be double， Yet，oh ！yet with Israel stay．

Why be like a lone sojourner，
Tarrying for a single night．
While thy Zion sits a mourner，
Weeping at the morning light？

## All within is desolation,

All without is dark and drear,
When we want the consolation
That our blessed God is near.

Vain and sinful, we have rested
In the good our God bestowed;
Thoughtless, while the sweets we tasted, Whence the wondrous bounty flowed.

Wrath is but the doom we merit,
But Thou canst our hearts renew ;
Purify us by Thy Spirit,
Our rebellious wills subdue.

- Thou canst make each heart a dwelling

By Thy grace prepared for Thee,
Oft deceitful, oft rebelling,
Cold and hardened though they be.

## 

The harvest is ended, the summer is past,
The hoarse sound of winter is borne on the blast;
The beauties of Flora's sweet season are fled,
Her roses are faded—her lilies are dead.

There's a voice in the tempest; it tells of decay,
Of time and its vanities hasting away:
It speaks of a world where the sun of the morrow
May witness our happiness turned into sorrow.

There's a voice in the ocean's tumultuous surges,
As onward each breaker the mariner urges;
It tells us of shipwreck, of death and despair,
A warning of life's fleeting pleasures is there.

The snow drifts around, and the pilgrim is weary ;
The way seems a wilderness, trackless and dreary;
And oft it is so in the journey to Zion,
While the world is in league with the fierce roaring lion.

But, lo! on his sight comes a heart-cheering form,
A covert from tempest, a shelter from storm,
He flies to the refuge,-his Shepherd's sweet voice
Bids him be of good cheer, and in Him to rejoice.

And pure is the stream from the Rock that is flowing,
And bright is the halo above that is glowing,
And still through the desert glides softly that river,
A foretaste of glory that blesses for ever.

Time is passing away ; but that shelter is sure,
While a sinner's to save, while the world shall endure;
The blood upon Calvary's hill that was shed,
Robbed sin of its sting and brought life from the dead.

Ah! turn thee, poor sinner ; this refuge divine, This precious, unspeakable gift may be thine;
Why, why in the husks of this world seek thy share,
When there's bread in thy Father's, yea, bread and to spare?

## Stanzas.

How peacefully the waters sleep!
No angry tempests o'er them sweep,
No threatening, swelling billows roar,
The soft wave murmurs to the shore.
And on the gently flowing tide
The graceful sea-birds gladly ride.

The sunbeams on the ocean glow,
Its secret treasures shine below;
The tiny ship, with fairy sail,
Invites the lingering summer gale;

And pictured in the silver flood
Is that fair bark's similitude.

Ah! can we think another hour
May rouse that ocean's sleeping power,
And high on foaming billows tossed,
That frail though beauteous bark be lost
'Tis even so-ere wanes the day
Upon those waves her wreck may lay.

And thus it is in youth's bright morn When dreamers Wisdom's voice will scorn, And launch upon life's stormy sea, How gaily-proudly—heedlessly !
And thus it is so many mourn Those wasted hours that ne'er return.

## ©roublous ©imes.

Dark clouds are on Zion-unseemly division
Is rending her sacred adornments away;
And malice is loud in her laugh of derision, And infidels joy when her blossoms decay.

The world has no tears for the Christian's declension, No soft sympathizing regret for the woe That is felt when the cold blighting winds of dissension Are causing the waters of discord to flow.

His joy is what cannot be shared by a stranger, His sorrow is sorrow no stranger can feel ; He sees not-he cannot--the point of his danger, He sees not, he heeds not the cause of his weal.

It may be in sweetness of Christian communion The pilgrims may linger too long on their way, And self thus indulged in the charms of the union, Too long from the fountain be willing to stay.

There are thorns in the road, and the patient believer Must walk o'er the roughest as well as the plain ; Whoever he may be, his name is Deceiver Who promises pleasure unmingled with pain.

Much more of our wealth should be treasured in Heaven, Our love be more fixed on our crucified Lord, And much less of this world's very purest of leaven Be mixed with the manna that's found in His word.

And then, though the storms of a fierce persecution Or soft and deluding temptations abound, He'll nerve us with dauntless, serene resolution, He'll give us a balsam for every wound.

And why in the means should thy fond heart be resting, Instead of the Life, and the Truth, and the Way?

When thou mightst the fountain of goodness be tasting, Why only to gaze on the streams wilt thou stay?

But yet the disciples must love one another,
Through this by the world they should ever be known,
'Tis their Master's command, that brother with brother Should walk in a spirit akin to His own.

The Church may be faint, and her wide scattered members May high on the waves of earth's changes be toss'd, The Christian amidst all those troubles remembers, Her head is in Heaven, she cannot be lost.

There is a word whose magic sound My inmost heart can thrill,

A word, whatever scenes surround, That touches keenly still.

I've heard it when upon mine ear
Like music's voice it fell ;
I've heard it when a starting tear Its influence could tell.

I've heard it when my heart was glad, And joy's bright sunbeams shone ;

I've heard it when my heart was sad With thoughts of pleasures gone.

Oh, 'tis a sound so fitly strung,
That heart must callous be
On which its tone hath never rung
In woe or ecstasy!

It indicates such perfect bliss, A pledge is only given,
To cheer us in a world like this,'Tis perfect but in Heaven.

Upon this single word a host Of varied visions come, Of hopes, of fears, of loved ones lost, That word, that word is-Home.
$\mathbb{C}$ be fuiting-star.

It was a sweetly guiding star
That brought the Magi from afar,
And finally their footsteps led
Unto the lowly manger bed.

Whom seek they there ?-a babe of days
In infant beauty meets their gaze ;
Yet, lo! what costly gifts they bring,
And hail Him as a mighty King !

No outward sign of pomp they see,
Yet bow the reverential knee ;
For God hath taught them from above,
This is the triumph of His love.

Here in our human weakness veiled
The mighty God their faith beheld,
And joyful in a Saviour found
They worship on that hallowed ground.

Is there no star to guide us now
In wandering through this vale of woe ?
Ab, yes ! the same enlightening power
Is equal in the present hour.

He gives the will to plead, His grace
Strengthens to run the Christian race :
The guiding-star yet shines above,
For God is there, and God is love.

## 变araphrase.

## Rev. vii.

Again I saw four angels stand
On the four corners of the land,
Holding the four winds of the earth,
That they might not in wrath go forth
Upon the earth, nor on the sea,
Nor blight the bloom of any tree.

And from the east I saw arise
Another son of Paradise;
He held the seal of Him who lives,
And life to all His creatures gives :
That angel cried unto the four
To whom was given destruction's power, -
"Hurt not the trees, the earth, nor sea, Until the seal shall placed be Upon their foreheads who have trod The narrow way that leads to God; Who never have disowned His name In torture or in martyrdom."

The number of the sealed I heard:
Thousands on thousands were prepared,
Some highly favoured, out of all
The chosen tribes of Israel ;
Twelve thousand of each tribe were sealed, Who had obeyed the law revealed.

Again I looked,-a multitude Of kindreds, tongues, and nations stond Before the Throne, before the Lamb, Each held a branch of beauteous palm ; Adorned they were in white array, And no man could their number say.
"Salvation to our God," they cried, " And to the Lamb who for us died!" The angels stood around the Throne And worshipped Him who sat thereon, Saying, "Amen! Be glory, power, Unto our God for evermore !"

An elder turned to me and said,
"What are they in those robes arrayed?
Those robes of purest, stainless white,
How came they to the realms of light?"
I answered, " Sir, thou knowest well, 'Tis not for child of dust to tell."
"These out of troubles great have come," The elder said, " unto their home, Not by their wisdom nor their might; They've washed their robes and made them white In Christ's redeeming, precious blood, Alone who wrath's red wine-press trod.
"Therefore are they before the Throne Of Him who is the mighty One, And day and night, in endless round,

His praises in His temple sound :
The King upon the throne on high
Shall be to them for ever nigh.
"Hunger or thirst they shall not feel
Who in that holy city dwell ;
No more the sun's bright scorching beam
In burning power shall shine on them,
Nor any heat shall pain them more,
For all their sorrows now are o'er.
"For He -the Lamb that dwelleth there,
Shall feed them with a shepherd's care,
He all those favoured ones will bring
Unto the never failing spring;
And God Himself shall gently dry
The tears from every weeping eye."

## 

No consolation is like Thine,
O Jesus, Holy Lord!
That truest comforter be mine, Thy blessed, sacred word.

The all unerring fountain pure, Wherce healing virtues flow,

That teach and help us to endure The ills of life below.

Around, around Thee seraphs fly ;
Myriads of angels still
Through heaven's extended canopy
Obey Thy holy will.

## Yet Thou dost condescend to bow. <br> To lend a listening ear, <br> A gracious answer to bestow <br> Unto the suppliant's prayer,

Who pleads Thy sainted life on earth,
Thy death upon the tree,
Thy wondrous and Thy lowly birth
In poor mortality!

More love I plead for, now to Thee My heart I would resign,
And seek to keep my footsteps in Each blessed way of Thine.

## Stanるas.

When the storms of life are gathering,
And its tempests howl around,
I deem them blessed who sweetly rest
Where peace and joy abound ;
For oh! how many a bitter tear
Remains for those who linger here!

In early days of pilgrimage
When the youthful heart is light,
The shadows of a sorrowing hour
But make the next more bright,
And the benumbing touch of care
Finds no abiding dwelling there.

But years bring many a weary hour, And many a wave of woe
Goes o'er us in the wilderness
Where Marah's waters flow,
And furrowed channels deep and wide,
Will mark where flowed the briny tide.
No more the dreams that spoke to us
Of the world's delights in store,
Can lull us into fond belief
As oft they did of yore ;
For grave reality looks down
On fancy's visions with a frown.
These cannot last, life's chequered scenes Are dimmed with many a cloud,
And vain thoughts of false enchantment Are sleeping in their shroud :
And we must lift our eyes to see
Those soft fantastic shadows flee.

Earth's mirage with its lights and shades,
Oft deceive our aching sight,
And beauteous fabrics reared in air,
Give promise of delight ;
But ever as our steps draw near,
These fair illusions disappear.
The desert then looks wild and bare, No sheltering roof seems near,
Our weary steps go tremblingly,
Our fainting hearts with fear ;
Oh! who would choose to live and die,
Pursuing shadows as they fly?
What should we do-press onward?-Yes !
There is a glorious land before,
With unimagined scenes of joy,
And treasures bright in store ;
Then oh! why should we wish to stay
Where all our fairest flowers decay?

## Scutimentalism.

## EXPLANATION.

It is one of the "signs of the times," that the superstitious observances which characterized the derotion of the Dark Ages, are no longer regarded with the same feelings that distinguished the theology of our fathers. The salutary dread of palpable errors that once pervaded the community, seems to be fading away. Still farther, indications become more and more distinct of a reviral of material mysticism in religion; that of Germany is, so to speak, aerial,-nearer home the style is to typify holiness in stone and lime, in close copy of what we thought had been abjured as Popish, centuries ago. In some places we seem to breathe the atmosphere of architectural devotion, and see with pain spiritual life ebbing in corresponding measure.

Much of our light literature has tended to invest Popery with an attractive aspect; the imaginations of the young are enlisted, and in proportion as they imbibe a taste for the highly coloured romance, which has for its indispenvable ingredients the beau-ideal of cloistered seclusion, or of enthusiastic crusading heroism, the grave facts of historlc truth lose their relish. Writers of tales and popular songs who pour their lamentations over hoary ruined convents, and who, with more genius than truth, represent the beauty of such retreats from the world and its imperative duties, are doing much evil by sapping the foundations of right principle. They are doing what in them lies to overturn
that noble edifice which cost so much mental treasure, and so many valuable lives to rear-the ever memorable Reformation.

The characters of its promoters are traduced or misunderstood, and by a sure though almost imperceptible process, energy of mind is supplanted by a weakness that prefers the indulgence of felse sentiment to the more laborious but less pleasant task of sound reasoning. Some reflections of this nature led to the composition of the following stanzas.

A sentimental sigh may heave
For splendours passed away,
The pageantry of idol shrines,
Their pomp, their bright arrar.

And genius may lend its aid To shed a fitful light
On times when superstition held
Her court of rayless night.

Our poets write of sainted monks,
Of convent's vesper bell,
Of fair and lovely nuns, too good
Amid the world to dwell.

And gentle voices sing these strains, Till fancy on her throne

Can almost make her subjects deem
Earth's holiest days were gone ;

When pure religion undefiled,
Began to lift her voice,
And bade the captive slaves of Rome
In freedom's truth rejoice ;

When mind in giant strength arose And rent the veil away,
Which mystery's hand had darkly hung
To shroud the light of day.

How oft we hear those chosen ones Who truth's bright book unrolled,
Depicted as barbarians rude,
Unbending, stern and cold.

Though history with truth records The secret tears they shed,
And midnight saw the watchful hours That o'er their vigils fled :

As wrapp'd in anxious thought they prayed, And searched the sacred page

Destined to break the chains that bound The world, age after age.

Could angels weep, they might, to see
Unthinking genius led
To sap those walls, in whose defence
A host of martyrs bled.

Fach tribụtary stream fills up
The measure of the tide,
Till on the unprepared it bursts
In devastation wide.

A power looks on that smiles to see Vigour of thought repressed, Till truth, betrayed, says-" sleep ye now, Sleep on and take your rest."


Axother year has flown away,
With all its sunny hours,
When I have chased the butterfly Among the meadow flowers.

Those lovely flowers-who painted them !
Those shining insect wings !
They tell me of a God above
Who made all beauteous things.

I want to love this glorious Lord,
If He would teach me how,
And lead a sinful child like me
His holy will to know.

But I require another heart,-
The Bible tells me so ;
Lord, give me this, and then my steps
In the right path shall go.

Whate'er Thou hast in store for me Throughout this opening year,
In joy or grief I must be safe, If walking in Thy fear.

Lord Jesus, make a helpless lamb
To hear its Shepherd's voice,
That with Thee, through eternity,
My spirit may rejoice.

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\text { CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE. } 91
$$

## Christian Confidente.

Why should we fear when darkness spreads
Its sable mantle o'er our heads,
And shades the sun, the earth, the skies,
In dimness from our searching eyes?
There is no real cause for thee,
O Christian soul! to faint or flee.
What though the sky be overcast,
And showers of drifting. snow fall fast ;
What, though the moonbeam's mellow light
Enliven not the cheerless night, And starless be the heavenly sphere,
There is no cause for thee to fear.

Though threatening storms around thee blow,
And tempest-swelled the waters flow,
Though midnight darkness hide the flood,
And winds uproot the aged wood,
And lightnings swiftly onward sped,
Christian, thou hast no cause for dread.
It is thy Friend that rules them all,
The elements obey His call,
And in His time and at His will,
He instantly the storm can still.
While Christ is ever, ever near,
Why, Christian, shouldst thou doubt or fear?
Humbly, but fearless may he wait
Resigned and tranquilly, his fate,
Who is in life, and deed, and word,
A faithful servant of the Lord;
But tremble when the thunders roll,
0 unrepentant, thoughtless soul!

If that dread bolt of meteor flame
Should come, commissioned in His name
Whose laws thou hast despised, to bring
Thy soul before creation's King,
Think if thou wouldst prepared be
For death's stern message unto thee!
©he 解anuer of the Coberant.

Written some months previous to the Disruption of the Church of Scotland

The Banner of the Covenant is once again unfurled, And in opposing force arrayed the maxims of the world; With tens of thousand favourers, the army of allies, Which love of custom, ease, or wealth, so readily supplies.

But the Banner has its followers, the trusty and the brave, The sons of many an honoured sire who fills a martyr's grave ;
And they are now prepared, despite of worldly wisdom's frown,
To risk their all in the defence of their Redeemer's crown.

It is a bloodless battle-field to which the Banner leads, And for unfettered consciences our Church devoutly pleads; She seeks not riches, place nor power, to gratify her pride,
But liberty, for which of yore her children often died.

She is no rebel, though the name be branded on her brow, And echoed as an argument coined ready for the foe:
But where are subjects to be found, more loyal or more true,
Than flock from every glen around the Scottish Banner blue?
THE BANNER OF THE COVENANT.

Not swords of steel nor coats of mail our gathering hosts prepare,
Their armour is the "shield of faith," their best defence is prayer ;
The Spirit's sword alone is theirs, the pure, inspired word,
Their trust for success not in man, but only in the Lord.

It is a solemn thing to join this self-devoted band, See that you look not back who to the plough have put your hand ;
Let the faint-hearted freely go, the cause requires them not,
Asks none without resolved minds here to cast in their lot.

All ye that love our ancient Church, ye that within her fold Have fed beside the shepherds' tents where the still waters rolled;
For you the call goes forth, will ye desert her army now? And coolly see her bulwarks old assaulted and laid low?

The Banner, with its ample folds, is floating on the blast, And kindling in devoted hearts the memory of the past, While prayerfully they kneel to ask that no unhallowed fires
May burn upon the altar pure erected by their sires.

## 牙ay Brams.

Tue dreams of youth, how bright they be !
A cloudless sky, a waveless sea,
A world where love and beauty dwell,
Harmonious sounds of music swell,
And many a fair and lovely thing
Of fancy's fond imagining.

Yes, in the bare uncultured wild
Exotics grow for fancy's child;
The dew-drop in the summer morn
That sparkles on the flowering thorn,
The pale blue-bell, the crystal spring,
Their tribute of sweet musings bring.
Ah me! in life's oft checkered day
How melt these soothing dreams away!
Earth teems with beauteous objects still,
Yet clear and limpid flows the rill,
And Spring doth all her charms unfold
And smile as she was wont of old.

But time hath other feelings brought,
And chastened each romantic thought ;
Imagination yet may glow,
And love the ocean's elb and flow,
And well remembered scenes will throng
And haply find their voice in song.

But 'tis not as it was of yore,
Still painting brighter days before ;
The gold has lost its pristine hue,
And wear has dimmed the silver too,
The hoar-frost rears its palace still,
But we can feel its gems are chill.
How blessed it is our hearts to stay
On that which never fades away,
But brighter and more beauteous grows
As life is drawing near its close :
Oh! for the light of Bethlehem's star
To guide amid the world's loud jar !

## ©he 色ping belieber.

He lieth at the gate of heaven, How sweet his visions be!

He sees the blessed multitude Upon the crystal sea.

He hears them harping on their harps,
He longs to join the throng
And mingle there his voice to swell The chorus of that song.

In every danger of the way
His Lord has brought him through ;
His toils and combats o'er, he hath
No more on earth to do.

## The dearest of his earthly ties

Is loosening from his heart,
He meekly waits the messenger
To call him to depart.

His chariot wheels are rolling near,
They tarry not, they come ;
And he is ready to be gone With gladness to his home.

The feeble flesh is shrinking now, Beholders see it fail,
But see not, like the dying saint, The light within the veil.

A pang has wrung his heart for those Whose tears he fain would spare,
But he can now commit them all To his own Shepherd's care.

He looks with wonder at the past, And to his God with love ;
The name of Jesus is his trust, 'Twill be his theme above.

> © he Sbolling of eordarr.
> "How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ?"-Jrr. xii. 5.

How wilt thou do in that trying hour
When the shadows of death are o'er thee?
When the tempest beats and the dark clouds lower, And the billows roll before thee?
And the lightning gleams on the moaning surge, And thy trembling footsteps are on the verge?

How wilt thou do?-there is no retreat,
For thy journey on earth is ended:
The faltering voice to thine ear so sweet
Hath thy parting soul commended
To the King of kings on the great white throne,
But will leave thee to cross the stream alone.
Alone! alone! that desolate tone!
How it crushes the heart in sadness;
It deepens the grief of the mourning one,
And mocks the bright hour of gladness ;
For ever the heart wants a heart to share
In its joyous hours and its hours of care.
No brother, nor spouse, nor daughter fair,
Can aid thee to bear thy burden now ;
They may hang on thy words,--with tender care
Wipe the drops from thy clammy brow;
But none of thy kindred can stay thy soul, When o'er it the deepening waters roll.

What wilt thou do ?-in the days of old Elijah beside the waters stood,
Did the virtue dwell in the mantle's fold
That divided the swelling flood?
No, 'twas faith in His name and boundless power, Who waits to be gracious to thee this hour.

But how wilt thou do without His aid?
He only can make thy passage clear;
Thy parting soul may be sorely afraid,
And none on earth thy heart can cheer,
When the shadows of death are closing fast,
And their darkening hues on the world are cast.

Then is Jesus thine, thy King, thy Friend, Thy Priest, thy Prophet to teach the way?
For His love is a love unto the end,
In the bright or the stormy day.

Till the lions on Jordan's shady shore, Shall frighten His own little flock no more !*

His little flock are a chosen band,
Their Shepherd will lead them safely on,
And place them at last on His own right hand,
Before his Heavenly Father's throne,
Where brighter will seem each glorious ray,
Compared with the clouds that encompassed the way.

## g cexarnixg.

Whex health and youth combine
To make thy spirits gay,
And fortane's friends are thine
To cheer each coming day;

* It is said that at one period lions resorted to the wooded bants of the Jordan, to the great terror of those whe had to pass by that way.

$$
\text { A WARNING. } 105
$$

Oh! think the time may come
Those charms of life shall fail ;
The tints of beauty's bloom Must wither and turn pale.

Hast thou not seen the flowers
Beneath the sun's hot ray,
Without refreshing showers
Droop, fade, and die away?

The beauteous morning sky, Clear, cloudless and serene, When tempests hovered nigh, And thunders rolled at even?

I've seen a rosebud fair
Upon the bosom worn,
I've seen it wither there, Then flung away and torn.

Think, think, sweet youthful one,
Thus it may be with thee ;
Alas! but few, or none
May love the blighted tree.

For those will flatter thee, When thou art young and fair,
Who first of all would be To shun the touch of care.

Then seek the friend most true, More than a brother near ;
He will speak peace to you, And dry the falling tear.

$$
\mathbb{C} \text { bye storm. }
$$

Written after a storm on the coast of Devonshire.

The storm is hushed, the troubled sea
Now rolls its waves more peacefully ;
The toiling ship with shattered sail
That nigh had perished in the gale,
Now safely rides, and from the sky
The sea reflects a golden dye.
My mental eye is led to see
The storm-tossed ship on Galilee,
And slumbering on the raging wave
Him that iss mighty still to save,
While trembling in dismay and fear
His pale disciples hover near.

But lo! in answer to their prayers
He rises to dispel their fears,
And at His word in soft repose
The lake's unruffled current flows ;
While as the tempest ceased to lower,
They wondered at their Master's power.
Is it not strange how few will think,
Who lately stood upon the brink
Of instant death and dark despair,
Whose mercy shone triumphant there?
Who bade the foaming sea be still,
And calmed the boisterous winds at will?

How true it is no voice can reach
The sinner savingly to teach,
But His who raised the dead to life
And bringeth concord out of strife :
God's quickening Spirit only can
Impress the heart of fallen man.
'Mid toils and dangers on the deep
The unawakened soul will sleep,
Not threatened death itself can bring
The rebel to his injured King:
This is His work whose power alone
Can melt the hardened heart of stone.

> garaplyrase.

JER. xrii. 5-8.

Woe to the man that in danger or sorrow
Clings to a shadow that flees with the morrow,
Who places his trust in a poor fellow-worm,
A reed that is bruised or rent by the storm :

Reposes his hope where the rust will decay, And rests his dependence on creatures of clay, Whose heart, cold and thankless, departs from the Lord. Who loves not His glory, His name, and His word.

Woe, woe unto him, for no good shall he see, For he like the heath in the desert shall be, Scathed, arid, and bleak,-where the lightning hath passed, And uptorn the roots, are laid bare in the blast.

He shall dwell in a wild where nought greets the ear To tell of a human inhabitant near ;
Untrodden by footstep, uncheered by a river,
But desolate, parched, and forsaken for ever.

But blessed is he whom the Lord doth incline To anchor his trust in protection divine, Whose hopes in the Lord God of Israel dwell,
Though round him a sea of earth's troubles may swell.

As a tree shall he be that grows by the wave, Whose branches their foliage luxuriant lave In the flood that gives life in passing along, And murmurs its ceaseless melodious song.

The summer sun fervidly glows in the sky, But sears not its leaf, for the waters are nigh, It shrinks not beneath the meridian beam, Its wide spreading roots are refreshed by the stream.

The drought of the east may around it consume, But still shall it breathe on the morning perfume ; Its fruit shall not cease, nor be sapless nor few, The gifts of the Lord every season are new.
deflettions of a forg-form filgrim.

Lord, in this weary wilderness
How many snares there be,
How many tempting vanities
To draw the heart from Thee!

How many sore perplexities, How many wasting cares,
Amid the harvest's bounteousness How many scattered tares!

How many blighting winds arise, How many words of strife, How countless, Legion is their name, The ills that checker life !

Our doubts, our fears, our heedlessness
Make up a heavy roll,
And much undone we might have done Brings darkness o'er the soul.

It is a dreary catalogue
That rises on my view,
And day by day experience comes
To prove the vision true.
'Tis sin, our sin that causes this;
There is no cure but one,
The only light that gilds the gloom
Beams from the Cross alone.

0 blessed ray of paradise !
I turn my longing eyes
To see the "Sun of Righteousness"
In bright effulgence rise.

How sweet that full deep river is
That flows from God's own throne,
To lips parched in the desert sands,
Where my faint steps have gone.

How glorious is that holy place Where Christ hath entered in!

How blessed the salvation wrought From earth's worst evil-sin!

The mansions in His Father's house
He hath gone to prepare;
'Tis sweet, amid the world's unrest,
To know our home is there.

Blessed Jesus ! in Thy holy name
Is treasured all I need,
And I would go resignedly
Where Thou art pleased to lead.

There is no other good unmixed, No earthly road to bliss,
The heart can find no other way To happiness but this.

I wisdom want,-Lord, Thou art wise, That gift Thou dost bestow ;
I loathe myself, but Thou canst make My scarlet spots like snow.

The heavy-laden weary ones May of Thy bounty taste;
Help me to take Thy yoke and claim With it the promised rest.

## ©uxin and 解ife.

"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, 0 house of Lsrael ?"-Ezex. xxxiii. 11.

Why should ye die when Jesus calls,
And on your ear the accent falls
That bids you turn and live?
Why should ye die when He can save
Who tasted of an earthly grave
Life unto thee to give?

Why will ye die when mercy waits
To guide you to the heavenly gates
Where bliss immortal dwells?
Where seraphs tune their harps to sing
The praises of your glorious King:
The song of triumph swells!

Is earth so sweet that ye would stay,
Nor long to wing your flight away,
And to be freed from sin?
Is dark perdition nought to thee?
Or can you from His presence flee
Who reads the heart within?
'Turn, sinner, turn, - the warning voice
Exhorts you now to fix your choice,
And Christ's own merits plead.
And will you shun that blessed light
That beams on you from Calvary's height,
That voice which waked the dead?
çatablit dnueralina Catgedral.

Life's pageantry is o'er!-the dead
Now slumbers in his narrow bed,
Unmoved alike by flattery's tongue,
Or censure on his ashes flung.

Victorious banners o'er him wave,
The sculptured stone will deck his grave ;
He heeds them not, his own pale brow
Is cold as is that marble now.

Around him many a princely name
Is blazoned in the lists of fame;
But sceptres here no more command
The homage of a loyal land.

And is there none-no prince, no peer,
To bid the stranger welcome here?
Are all earth's courtesies forgot
In this forlorn but solemn spot?

They are, and all alike to him
Is noonday's beam or twilight dim ; And music's tones ring through each aisle,
And wintry winds howl round the pile,-

He heeds them not, he cannot hear The sounds that once could charm his ear ;

The magic spell of titled sires
No more his bounding heart inspires.
'Tis " dust to dust" where he is laid,
The solemn service hath been said.
Some hand a monument will raise,
To speak the story of his praise :

The musing stranger pauses near,
But who returns to drop a tear?
Of all that pompous funeral train,
Who will come back to mourn again ?
'Tis vanity! some slumber here
Who ran on earth a dark career,
Whose genius honoured at the last,
Was left to struggle through the past, -

To strive with poverty alone,
But-says the monumental stone,
"Regretted, loved, and mourned, here lies;"
_-'Tis vanity of vanities!

## 解eflections.

"Why art thou cast down, 0 my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?"-Psalm xliii. 5.

Husi, rebel heart, be still,
Thy restless throbbings cease,
'Tis clinging to thy will
That robs thee of thy peace.

For thou wouldst have thy vine
Its clustering fruits to bear,
And all thou callest thine
To flourish full and fair.

Or if not all-yet one
Dear cherished hope remains,
An idol on the throne
Its tyrant sway retains.

And thus the work of grace Is blighted in thy soul,

The swift halt in the race, And fail to reach the goal.

Why is it thus with me?
The trembling heart inquires;
Go to the Cross and see How much thy God requires.

A heart entire He seeks, No sacrifice beside ;

To such of peace He speaks, In such His words abide.

This peace is not for thee, While, like a new-caught bird
That struggles to be free, Thy fond desires are stirred,

For some forbidden sweet, Some hope deferred still ;
And earth's dark trials meet An unprepared will.

Lord, make Thy temple here, Within this heart of mine,
And holy love and fear Shall sanctify the shrine.

Then shall a patient mind Relieve of half my care,
And to Thy will resigned, My cross I'll meekly bear.

## II.

きeflections ©iesumed.

Why should I coret ease,
Such as the world can give ?
Or seek my soul to please
With jors that cannot live?

Peace is the Sariour's gift,
From Him alone it flows;
Peace that our hearts can lift Above earth's crushing woes.

Mere human friendship fails
Oft in the time of need ;
The blighted heart bewails
Its lore misplaced indeed.

Ah! this is ill to bear,
But Jesus bore it too,-
Deserted in their fear
Even by His chosen few.

He trode the vale of tears, -
Shall we refuse to tread,
Refuse with coward fears,
To go where He may lead?
'Tis hard to realize
By faith the things unseen,
When sense before our eyes
Doth interpose its screen.

And yet how can we be
Upheld upon the waves
Of life's tempestuous sea,
Where hopes oft find their graves,

Unless we turn and view The Lord's own outstretched arm,
Believe His promise true, That nought His flock can harm?

Through troubles dark and deep Full oft may be our way;
Through weary nights to weep, To wait a dreary day.

Yet, did we walk by faith These clouds would disappear;
We might shake off the dust, And feel our Saviour near.

## 

As sunbeams after clouds, Showers to the parched ground, So is the hallowed feeling The day of rest brings round.

The care-worn heart is glad, The weary hails repose, And for a space seems lightened The pressure of his woes.

A foretaste of the rest
Sent to him from above,
Comes with a Father's holy smile
To fill his heart with love.
'Tis Eden-for a time,
Its fragrance is abroad,
And man walks in the garden while
He communes with his God.

He sees no flaming sword,
He hears no thunders roll,
For grace and peace united meet
In gladness in his soul.

By faith, and not by sight,
He views his checkered lot,
And leans upon the promises,
Assured they fail him not.

Cool streams from Lebanon
Are flowing to the plain,
Can broken cisterns tempt him more
To turn to them again?

Beloved ones seem near
Whom he shall never meet,
Until he join the ransomed
Before the "mercy seat."

He hears the turtle's voice,
He sees the clustering vine,-
The very towers of Paradise
Seem from afar to shine.

Christ is upon the throne,
The Crucified has risen :
The Church below seems nearer now
The blessed Church in heaven.

# ©he §ong of an ênfant §pirit. 

Born into this world of sin and sorrow, and tarrying in it one short year.
She was a lovely babe, and her dark full eye beamed with more than the crmmon intelligence of her age.

I often thought, as I looked at her, that one might fancy her understanding already developing its powers, - as if she comprehended what she heard uttered.

I came to you when the snowy showers
On the stormy winds rose high ;
I waited to see the Summer flowers
With the rainbow's colours vie :
They were lovely and bright, and passing fair,
But the sentence of sad decay was there.

I came to you when I could but see,
The world was cold and dreary,
And although kind faces smiled on me, Yet pilgrims wan and weary,
Seemed warnings to me that the coming years Would prove this earth but a valley of tears.

I only came for a little while,
To hear the sweet birds singing,
But once to see the warm sunbeams smile
On carly violets springing,
And the gorgeous clouds as they flitted by
In the beauteous light of an Autumn sky.
Once I saw the circling year go round,
But my dwelling was not here ;
So my spirit gathered, from the sound
Of angels whispering near :
And why should you by my couch be weeping, When your baby is so softly sleeping?
'Twas the Saviour whom you love who said,
It was time to go away;
And He bade me not to be afraid, For that He would by me stay,
And that nothing on earth could be compared
To the blessed mansions above prepared.
The deep waters rolled dark before me As you took your last farewell,
When you blessed your babe, and over me The tear-drops of nature fell ;
But Jesus then took me upon His breast, And sweetly He soothed me unto rest.

'Tis well to bless our Father's hand For all His gifts of love,
But let them elevate our souls To purer joys above.

We do not prize these gifts aright, Unless we love Him more Who gave them with unsparing hand From His abounding store ; -

Unless we read aright the Book
That teaches us to know
The channel by which every mark Of grace to us can flow.

The rose's hue, the violet sweet, The lily of the field,

The bird's wild note, the insect's hum, To us their tribute yield.

He made them all, He fosters them, 'Twas not beneath His care

To spread the desert solitude With scattered blossoms fair.

He gave us sweet affections too, The bliss of kindred ties;
And all His ways proclaim Him good And bountiful and wise.

Let every flower His bounty strews Upon our pilgrim way,
But hasten more our lingering steps Enchantment prompts to stay, -

To stay and to forget our home, The blessed rest above ;
Not using, but abusing thus
Our Father's gifts of love.

The atarturbom of Steplyen.

Holy resolve was in his eye,
His soul was wound to ecstacy,
And looking upward he beheld
The glorious courts of heaven unveiled,
And saw the Mediator stand
In blessedness at God's right hand.

Around him furious scoffers stood, Who thirsted for their captive's blood;
But by the Master whom he served,
His soul for sufferings was nerved,
And on his face a radiance shone
Like to an angel's near the throne.
But, stung by that accusing word,
Which told them they had slain their Lord,
Nought could appease their bitter wrath
Less costly than their victim's death:
But, like his Lord, his prayer arose
For mercy on his sternest foes.
Stone upon stone flew from the crowd, Shout after shout arose more loud !
But he could reckon death his own,
For he was near his martyr crown,
And crying, "Lord, my spirit take,"
He slept,-in endless bliss to wake.

## Antural 気ixge.

To the memory of one who in the midst of great promise, both of public and private usefulness, was, at an early age, called away to his rest,-having first been taught to set his affections on the things which are unseen and eternal. He was interred in a romantic spot near his own residence.

The winds of the mountain around him are sweeping, And o'er him the birch in its beauty is weeping, Anon screams the eagle, the mist wreaths are flying, The pines of the forest in concert are sighing, -

It is a meet place for the dead!

In the morning of life, the spring-time of being, When hope through its rainbow bright visions is seeing, And still on the cloud its gay colours are streaming, And still on the ocean its soft tints are beaming,--

The summoris went forth for the dead!

Time's current seemed smooth, and his bark on the tide Was preparing in youthful enjoyment to glide ; But a voice, small and still, breathed warnings of danger, And taught him to cherish the "heart of a stranger," And think on the rest of the dead!
'Twas a mournful procession that wended its way Through that fairy-like scene on a clear autumn day; And how solemn the musings awaked by the thought, That regardless of all he who loved them was broughtNow through them, to rest with the dead!

It was far from the strife and the dwellings of men, And in midst of the wild flowers that spangle the glen, Where, away from the world with its dangers and cares, He had oftentimes prayed to be kept from its snaresThe place set apart for the dead!

Fitting emblems of man as the year wanes away, Are those blossoms that shrink from the touch of decay, As again they shall live at the breathing of spring;
So shall Jesus yet captive captivity bring,
His voice shall awaken the dead!

> gt dided diloboer.

A faded flower has charms for me,
Though withered all its beauties be:
In each pale tint of colour cast
I read a record of the past,
Of bygone hopes, of bygone fears,
Of bygone joys, of bygone tears.

Perchance this little sapless flower
Was gathered in the springtide hour,
When fancy's visions daily came
To make reality seem tame ;
Bright images that must decay,
False day-dreams that must pass away.

Perhaps by one who now may be
Far, far across the stormy sea, Who midst the busy scenes of life,
Its disappointments and its strife,
Looks back and fondly tries in vain To bring youth's freshness back again.

He may remember still the hour When he could see in that fair flower

A simple treasure wealth no more
Can purchase from her ample store ;
Yet e'en the very thought comes round
Like dew upon the parched ground.
A FADED FLOWER.

Or buried in the silent tomb
May be the heart that loved its bloom; And o'er this wreck in sorrow deep,
Some friend might linger here to weep,
While cherished thoughts of other years
Would mingle amid falling tears.

On fancy's swift and wandering wings Come images of countless things, "
But over all this floweret tells
Of smiles, of tears, of charmer's spells ;
Its tarnished hues convey to me
A lesson of mortality !

- duxcstling.
"I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."-Gre. xxxii. 26.

The way is rough, the dangers many,
Human weakness finds them so ;
Without a token of Thy presence, Lord, "I will not let Thee go."

Nothing else has power to cheer me, When my sinking heart oppressed

Does not in all the wide creation
Find a place where it may rest.

Foes from without and foes within me
Make the warfare hard and long,
But things despised and weak are chosen
Often to confound the strong.

Here low before thy footstool bending,
For an answer still I wait,
Assured, by knowing, though it tarry, It can never come too late.

I will not go without Thy blessing,
For that boon I humbly plead,-
I cannot go except Thy wisdom
Undertakes my steps to lead.

Lord, leare me not !-do not forsake me
All my pilgrimage below ;
Deny me not-without Thy blessing,
Lord, I will not let Thee go.

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\mathbb{C} \text { ye Cexile }
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Sweet is the hour
When music's power
The sleeping echo wakes;
When on the hill
The breeze is still,
And day his farewell takes;
When calm and slow
The waters flow,
And gently touch the shore;
When swiftly glide
Across the tide
The bark and dipping oar.

## In foreign clime

At even time
Soft is the balmy air,
But far away
His fancies stray
Who is an exile there.
Before his eyes
Fond visions rise,
And other landscapes come ;
The sweetest sound
That floats around
Brings back the thoughts of home.

The dark heath bell
He loved so well,
The cottage in the glen ;
The placid lake,
The tangled brake,
His memory pictures then.

Wealth he would give
Once more to live
Beside that mountain rude ;
Once more to see
The aged tree
That by the ruin stood.

The lively strains
Of foreign plains
May fall upon his ear,
The cadence dies
And still he sighs
For other scenes more dear ;-
Scenes he had loved
Ere yet he proved
Life's varied forms of pain :
His mountain streams
Are heard in dreams,
And hope revives again.

Haply he may
Some future day
Look on that sparkling rill.
Where, full of jor,
A happy boy,
He turned his mimic mill ;
But faint will be
Its melody,
For he cannot recall
The morning bright
Of young delight
That shed its beams on all.

Where is the voice
That did rejoice
To hear his footsteps sound?
He stands upon
The old hearth stone.
But silence reigns around:

Change marketh all-
The tottering wall
Has its own tale to tell ;
And stranger hands
Now till the lands
Where friends were wont to dwell.

Rebuke him not
If o'er his lot
He sheds some bitter tears,
Ere he dismiss
The dream of bliss
That haunted him for years.
Why came he back
O'er the old track?
He knew the loved were gone!
Perhaps to learn
A lesson stern
That he must con alone.

Stern to the sight,
But fraught with light,
And fraught with comfort too,
For it can teach
The eye to reach
Beyond earth's narrow view ;-
In every loss
To view the cross
That must be meekly borne ;
So comes the strength
To him at length,
Though unremoved the thorn.

And back he goes
Among the foes
That may his path surround,
To publish forth
The priceless worth
Of that which he has found;

The living spring
Whence he can bring
Refreshment all the way,
Till, sorrow o'er,
He needs no more-
The shadows flee away.

Thrice happy he
Whose faith ean see
The rainbow in the cloud,
That thick and dense
To mortal sense
Comes o'er him like a shroud;
For he will say,
Betide what may,
I trust my Saviour's love,
Though earthly things
Should all take wings,
My treasure is above.

## Struzas.

There is a joy too deep for words,
A sorrow without voice;
A depth no human ken can reach To weep with or rejoice.

Feelings and memories there are Wove with the thread of life,
Unchanged by earth's light vanities, Or by its words of strife.

Yet like the fairy harp whose strings
Yield music to the breeze,
A word, a look may stir these chords With deepest sympathies.

And oh! how many sights and sounds
Of beauty God hath given,
Which find their ready echo there,
For they are gifts from heaven.

And like the early dew they come, And like the latter rain,
Causing the parched and desolate Almost to bloom again.

The shadowy "everlasting hills" Soothe with mysterious power,
Wrapped in their clouds or bathed in light At sunset's golden hour.

How gloriously shine forth the charms Still left to shew how fair,

Ere yet the blight of sin had marred, Creation's beauties were.

Yes, "all things richly to enjoy"
Come from a Father's love ;
The world were but a dreary waste Without a home above.

But with that purchased home in view, Each bitter finds its sweet,

And on the rock of ages firm We plant our weary feet.

Thence looking at the starry hosts, The gems of earth and sea,
They shadow forth His boundless love Who died for thee and me.

## 

Concluding with these words,-" And I must fall, with what hopes then to rise ?"

Thou dost not ask if thou shalt rise
To answer at the great assize,
For wasted time, for years mispent,
And talents by the master lent;
'Tis not the infidel's dark doubt
That, thinly veiled by words, comes out:

No! 'tis the question of a heart
Communing with itself apart,
Gathering from ruin and decay
Lessons of wisdom, day by day,
And seeking more of heaven's light
To guide thy erring steps aright.

Then I reply,-one hope can cheer
When death and judgment hover near ;
That hope ev'n then the soul can stay,
It sheds a bright unfading ray
That scatters every threatening cloud,
And gilds the sepulchre-the shroud.
How shall we seek this beam divine, This guide which may be yours and mine?
Shall justice strict the balance hold,
The dross be severed from the gold,
And in the scales each act be laid,-
Yea, all that we have thought or said?
For perfect purity demandis
Obedience to the law's commands ;
An omnipresent Judge requires
Perfection in the heart's desires:
And who can stand this trying test, And boldly on his merits rest?

Not one.--But does not man rejoice
To think of mercy's gentle voice?
'Tis sweet,-but oh! remember still
Unbiassed is the heavenly will,
No attribute must hold the sway
To wash the sinner's guilt away.
And must we then lie down to die
In helpless, hopeless misery?
Ah no! we need no offering bring,
Jesus is Prophet, Priest, and King ;
And all our hope and trust must be
In Him who died on Calvary.
A hope how full of joy and peace!
In weakness yielding its increase ;
Born of an undecaying faith
It triumphs in the hour of death,
And lifts a meek and trusting eye
To Jesus who is ever nigh.

Say not that truth is hard to find,-
Light is as darkness to the blind.
Go not away as Pilate went,
Nor say the guide which God hath sent
Is not infallible and clear,
If men are deaf or will not hear.
If sinners take God's word and twist
Its meaning as their fancies list,
That only proves their heart's desires
Yield not the homage it requires;
The anxious, earnest, searching mind
Must ever there true wisdom find.

Ask and ye shall receive, for none Unheard, unhelped, away have gone ;
Be not discouraged,-knock again,
None ask the bread of life in vain :
More than an earthly father's love Is His, who lives and reigns above.
'Tis right and fit and well to clear
All doubts away, all slavish fear ;
But fear of sin must take their place,
The mark of purifying grace ;
For false presumption hath no part Where Jesus claims the willing heart.

How sweet to fix our longing eyes On Christ's sufficient sacrifice!

A taper at meridian day
Shall beautify the sun's bright ray,
Soon as men's deeds of noblest aim
Add lustre to His glorious name.

But willingly each servant true
Labours his Master's will to do,
The Spirit's power that in him dwells
To holy words and works impels ;
In age, in childhood and in youth,
Witness for purity and truth.

## HYMN.

## 

"But whei the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."-Joun xv. 26.

Glorious Spirit ! from on high
Sent to shew a Saviour nigh,
In the darkest hours of night
Cheer me with Thy quenchless light.

By Thine holy office led,
Testify of Him who bled;
Testify how Jesus slain,
Rose, revived, and reigns again !

Turn the sinner from his sin,
Teach him how the crown to win,
Bring him to Immanuel's feet,
Lead him to the mercy-seat.

Thou canst make the soul to feed
On the ever-living bread,
Thou canst calm his new-born fears,
Dry his penitential tears,

Bid him hear the Shepherd's voice, Think of Jesus and rejoice ;

Daily, though earth's woes increase, Thou canst sweetly whisper peace.

While in just avenging ire
God is a "consuming fire,"
Yet, Thou new life-giving Dove,
Thou canst shew how God is love.

## gianebey's 等epentance.

Jonat iii.

What means this change, great Nineveh?
This sound of bitter woe;

## The stillness of the thoroughfares

 Where crowds were wont to go ?The palace gates are closed, there is No music in the hall,

And softly through the passages The noiseless footsteps fall.

The monarch his imperial robes Of state hath laid aside, And quenched in downeast care is now The lordly look of pride.

His clothing is of sackcloth, and
No longer on his throne,
He sitteth on the marble floor
Where ashes have been strown.

What aileth thee, thou lofty one!
Is there an earthly power
Whose threatening words or serried hosts
Could ruffle thee one hour?

From street to street with solemn steps
A form mysterious glides,
Proclaiming forth the fearful doom
That Nineveh betides.

Day, after day he cries, yet kept
By a resistless power,
He goes unharmed from gate to gate,
By fort and guarded tower.

# Men gazed on him and shrank, as thus <br> His mission he made known : <br> "Yet forty days and Nineveh The great shall be o'erthrown !" 

No scoffer's laugh rings madly out, The warning is received;
And priest and merchant, prince and peer,
God's message have believed.

If it were news of coming war,
Unmoved by the report,
There would not be one revel less
In that luxurious court.

No,-beauty would be there to greet
The warrior in his pride ;
The cup he quaffed, the slighted foe
In scornful words defied.

But 'tis not so, -a woe impends,
And king, and lord, and slave
Feel helpless in His mighty grasp
Whose woid can sink or save.

Still there is hope, repentance yet
May stay the avenging rod;
For well they know they have to do
With Israel's righteous God.

Through Nineveh's vast boundaries
A royal edict speeds,
Calling to fast and penitence
For her ungodly deeds.

Each has to bear his share,-no food
The herds nor flocks must taste,
Ind sackcloth, sackcloth everywhere
Is donned in trembling haste.

But what were outward rites and forms !
Could such avail alone?-
They bent not at an idol's shrine,
Nor at an earthly throne.

Then came remembrances of wrongs,
Of captives in their chains ;
And prince and peasant put away
Bribes and dishonest gains.

And joy sprung up in midst of all, For the oppressed went free,
And violence fled, for a time, From fear-struck Nineveh.

And thus her cry was heard above, Sheathed was the glittering sword,

For merciful and slow to wrath
And gracious is the Lord.

He waited long before the flood, But no response was given ;
And who can hide when once are loosed The thunderbolts of heaven?

The mighty nations of the past Have only left a name,
Seared deeply with the crimes that dimmed The lustre of their fame.

Unheeded warnings add to guilt,Be this remembered now,
And let the fruits of penitence In righteous actions show.

The men of Nineveh will rise In judgment to condemn
Those who with greater light have yet Repented not like them.

As Jonah's mission was from God, And they received the sign, Woe unto us, if we refuse The Heir of David's line.

If we reject the Lord of life Who calls us to repent,

If we neglect to hear the Son To us in mercy sent,

We cannot from the wrath escape To such rebellion due, For all the ways of God are just, And all His words are true.
atapiocs

The thoughtless throng who dance along,
And pour the strain of varied song
To many a vanity of earth,
Or creature of their fancy's birth,
All reckless of the certain hour
When these can cheat their souls no more,
When all unclothed and all alone
Before the King's dread jndgment throne
Their spirits must appear,-

May still dance on; that hour will come,
That day, that fatal day of doom,
When dust and ashes take the place
Of every soft and cherished grace ;
When they must bid that world farewell Where all the joys they value dwell, And tears bedim the cheeks that smiled On all that serious thought beguiled, And boasting yield to fear.

Would that a voice might reach them yet
Before a warning come too late !
What seek ye in this maddened race,
While speeds away the time of grace ;
That night by night, and day by day,
Ye squander precious life away?
Will empty fashion's magic ring
Shut out that subtle, troublous thing,
The oft' recurring thought?

That happiness is but a sound,
A something ye have never found,
That still pursued is distant seen
With mountains yet unscaled between.
Vain is the race,-she flies apace,
Leaves not behind a single trace ;
From your frequented haunts she flies
To harbour with the good and wise,
And there she must be sought.

Not with the idle nor the gay
Will happiness consent to stay ;
Nor is her paradise some cot,
Some cell, some far sequestered spot,
Where man may from his fellow fly
In selfishness to live and die;
No caprice dictates her abode,
She treads on every common road
Along the march of life.

She dwells within the lowly heart,
From earth's ambitious thoughts apart ;
She dwells with him who seeks to bear
Part of his brother's load of care ;
She dwells with Wisdom at the gates,
The crowd goes past her where she waits,
Jostling each other as they go,
They miss of her, they gather woe-
She shrinks from din and strife.
© be Seraleo 题ook.
"Read this, I pray thee : and he saith, I cannot; for it is sealed"Isaiah xxix. 11.

If we see not the way
Let us humbly pray
For light to guide us on,
Until at length
In giver strength
The glorious crown is won.

God will never deny
To the watchful eye
The light it daily waits ;

For none in vain
Can seek to gain
Access at Wisdom's gates.

If a doubt ever start
Over some small part
Of God's Word in our view,
Think who He is
Whose book it is,
We know that He speaks true.

There enough we may find
To instruct the mind
That darkened was before ;
And why should we
Impatient be
If we must wait for more:

Let us walk in the way,
Striving, day by day
To serve the Lord aright ;
And He will grant
All that we want
Which good is in His sight.

We shall learn from the book,
If we meekly look
To Him who breaks the seal,
And as we run
Our guiding "Sun"
Will the right way reveal.
Andexgortation.

Loitering mortal, onward flee To that refuge left for thee, Hours the shortened time declare, Gild the moment with thy prayer.

Flee, ah flee! the tide is flowing, Months and years are gone and going ; Trim thy bark, spread every sail To arrest the favouring gale.

Hope thy anchor, Faith thy guide !-
Onward,-think the ebbing tide
Soon may leave thee stranded high
Where thou must unrescued lie.

When the haven reached at last,
We survey the stormy past,
Now no longer on its stream
Life will seem a fervid dream.

We shall wonder aught of clay
Could have wiled our hearts away ;
Shorn of pride is the renown
Of the brightest earthly crown.

Gone, the airy dreams of fame,
All the praise of man is tame,
All distinctions lost in one-
To be near our Saviour's throne.

## FAREWELL.

## Aareforll.

Aн! painful is the parting hour,
And tender are the tones that dwell
Within the voice whose vital power
Seems frozen in the word-farewell !

As smoothest flow the waters deep,
But high with storms and tempests swell,
Unfathomed feelings seem to sleep,
Till wakened by the word-farewell!

Oh ! lightly spoke I would not hear
This heart-born word,-for I could tell
How solemn on affection's ear
Come the sad accents of farewell!

Affection＇s sweets have still a pang，
The mellow note may sound a knell ；
Unuttered are the thoughts that hang
Upon that latest word－farewell！

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Intended for Music．

How shall I sing as I have sung Within these halls before？
Or ring these chords as they have rung In happier days of yore？

When glowing colours shed their light
On every opening day，
And，necromancer，－fancy bright
Still chased the clouds away．

Those years are fled, and such soft hours No more return again,
Except in memory, or when pours Some old entrancing strain.

A momentary glance indeed, Of all the cherished past,
A beam to cheer, but not to lead,
A dream that cannot last.

But be it so,-away, away,
Ye phantom joys depart!
Ye touch, but ye can never sway The feelings of the heart.

I want a steadier light to guide My wandering footsteps here,
Where danger lurks on every side, And tempting snares are near.

I would not have my heart bereft Of one swreet kindly thought,
Or look upon one mercy left, As on a thing of nought.

But earth cannot absorb that love Which has a higher aim,
And mounts towards the spring above From whence the streamlet came.

## 

" Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."-Isaian $x$ l. 1.

It was a bitter stroke, indeed,
And yet it was of love divine ;
God suits our trials to our need, The treasure was His own-not thine.

He lent her for a little while
To cheer thine earthly pilgrimage,
The desert journey to beguile,
And charm the way, from stage to stage.

But this was all,-child of His love
He called her to His temple fair,
And fitted for His courts above
He placed her as a pillar there.

Ah! think, and it will soothe thy woe,
How He hath washed her in His blood,
Who groaned, and bled, and died below,
To bring the sinner back to God.

And wilt thou mourn that now she sings
The "new song" of the Lamb in light,
And dwells before the King of kings
Clothed in immortal beauty bright?

He who now sits upon that throne
Once wept a tender mourner here,
And touched with pity all His own,
He dries the Christian mourner's tear.

For there are treasures of His grace Enough for all-enough for thee;
And when we see Him, face to face, The shadows of the night shall flee.
Sympathg.

Aн! who can tell but those who know
How feels the sinking heart,
Or why into another's eye
The ready tear will start, Or why those eyes should overflow
For sorrows bygone, long ago?

Has not the world forgotten them, And should not he forget?
Why should he cherish tenderly
Those old emotions yet?
Cannot new scenes, new friends, new ties,
Blot out his ancient sympathies?
They might, had these but lightly sat, Go, as before they came,
Might pass away like summer showers,
And leave him still the same :
But where the barb has entered deep,
The eyes their fitful tears will weep.
Deal kindly with your brother's woe;
He may conceal it well,
But rooted in his inmost thoughts
Past joys and sorrows dwell ;
It is no wonder though he may
Tokens of this, at times, betray.

You cannot frown away his griefs, He only clings the more

To fond remembrances of those
"Not lost, but gone before :"
Who would have soothed, and sought to share
The burden he is called to bear.

It is a cheap and easy thing
To visit him with blame,
And give to feelings dear to him
A harsh, repulsive name;
He may be schooled such to endure,
But thus you never work a cure.

Nay, he will but the longer nurse, Apart from human view,
Thoughts he has learned to know could gain No sympathy from you :
Well is it if he learn besides, Where truest sympathy abides !

But when among the tear and wear Of daily life he goes,
From men's remarks he carefully Will hide his secret woes ; -

Yet kindness with its gentle sway
Can wile him from himself away.
Good were it if its blessed tones
Fell oftener on the ear,
And more like Him they wish to serve
Even Christ's disciples were ;
Hearts withering under treatment cold
Might buds of promise yet unfold.

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\text { The } \mathbb{C} e n d e x \text { shepherd. }
$$

He will not quench the smoking flax, Nor break the bruised reed,
But He is still a present help In every time of need.

An earthly friend may slight our woe, May call it weak or vain,
Forgetting how a random thrust
May open wounds again.

But Jesus binds them gently up, And whispers words of peace,
And soothes the throbbing heart, and bids Our falling tears to cease.

The good Physician only knows The case that wants His aid,
For on Him our infirmities, Our woes and sins were laid.

And in the bitterness of soul, A stranger cannot know,
To Him,-yea, he invites us, we
May with our troubles go.

For He hath not forgotten usAmong the ransomed throng
The feeblest cry falls on His ear Soon as the seraph's song.

## © he apast Sabbath of the 基ear.

It is the solemn Sabbath day
That marks the closing year,
Grave wisdom's voice is whispering
Her warnings in mine ear ;
All nature's faded charms around Are eloquent in look or sound.

How speak they ?-list, the moaning blast
Sweeps mournfully along,
And rocking forests, leafless now,
Join chorus in the song,
While still the burden of their lay
Seems constantly-decay-decay!

## Ah! had I never seen the Spring

Renew earth's charms again,
Each recollected Summer hour
Were only fraught with pain ;
How I should grieve, this world no more
Would smile with bird, and bee, and flower.
And oh! if transient things like these
Could draw a tear, a sigh,
Or keenly touch with woe or joy
A creature born to die :
To see corruption, and to know
That those he loves must see it too ;-
How should he set his anxious heart
Upon that home on high!
That place of "perfect blessedness," Where changes come not nigh;
And have his best affections there,
Where all things are made new and fair.

What though the grave demands awhile All that on earth we see
Of those whose loving voice to us
Was sweetest melody !
Since prophecy's sure voice hath told The tomb's dark portals shall unfold.
'Tis true that none return to tell
How rest the sleeping dead;
Enough that in the chilly vault
Once lay the Church's Head,
And as He rose, so rise shall they When comes the resurrection day.

No surer shall the Summer sun
The bird, the bee recall,
Than on the death-closed mortal ear
God's quickening voice shall fall,
And deathless spirits dwell once more
In bodies tenanted of yore.

## 

Fain would I on this day proclaim
The glories of a Saviour's name,
But human words are cold and faint
Perfection's lustrous hues to paint,
With love and wonder angels raise
Loud hallelujahs to His praise !
The saints in paradise rejoice, And sweetly sounds each holy voice,
Reverberates the golden chord, And songs of triumph to the Lord
Are echoing to every string
And through the heavenly mansions ring !

How shall a fitting song on earth
Arise to celebrate His birth,
Who dwelling in the courts above,
Rejoicing in His Father's love,
Came down to manifest His grace
To sinners of our fallen race?

Yet, hence the notes of praise should rise,
For here was made the sacrifice ;
On earth He dwelt, for men He died,-
Here should His name be magnified !
And tongues of every nation tell
The deeds of our Immanuel.

Soon may the truths He came to teach
The world's remotest confines reach!
Where heathen hordes in bondage pine
There may the light of Scripture shine,
And faith its healing virtues pour
Where Superstition sat before!

The time is coming, may it haste !
When flowers shall deck the desert waste,
And peace to warlike strife succeed,
The beasts of prey with tame ones feed,
And moral beauty spring again
To grace Messiah's blessed reign.
©he 等axting 烈ear.

The last hour of the closing year
Comes round on time's untired career ;
It is a season deeply fraught
With subjects for heart-stirring thought;
For what a world of hopes and fears
That little inward prompter bears !

How many a broken circle weeps
Some loved one in the tomb that sleeps !
And in this hour, afresh, anew,
The image flits in mental view,
Arrayed by fond affection's light
In fadeless beauty, pure and bright.
The clock strikes twelve-ah, me! that hour
Seems laden with inherent power
To waken feeling's nervous train,-
That hour will never sound again!
The parted year is gone, and time
Is tolling its funereal chime.
Was it a sound of mirth that rose
Upon the midnight's deep repose?
Heard I aright a joyful shout
Proclaim another year run out,
That brings us nearer to that shore
From whence we shall return no more?

What means that boisterous burst of glee?
Is it because the moments flee,
And men are longing to be gone
To meet Him on the judgment throne,
His train of ransomed souls to swell,
Whom they have loved and served so well?
Is it because the circling year
Hath passed unsullied by a tear?
Or that its last retiring wave
Is of their cares the certain grave,
And on the next no form of woe
Shall cause a wrinkle on the brow?

Are such the thoughts that stir the crowd,
Where rings the voice of revel loud?
Or rather, is not thought repelled,
As an intruding phantom held,
And left unto the holy calm
Breathed in the hallowed cottage psalm?

Another year is come-the last
Is numbered with the changeless past!
And all the deeds of youth or age
That dimmed or beautified its page,
Are now enrolled where they must stay
To meet us at the judgment day.

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